

Heart Poems

by

A. Elizabeth Sigsbee

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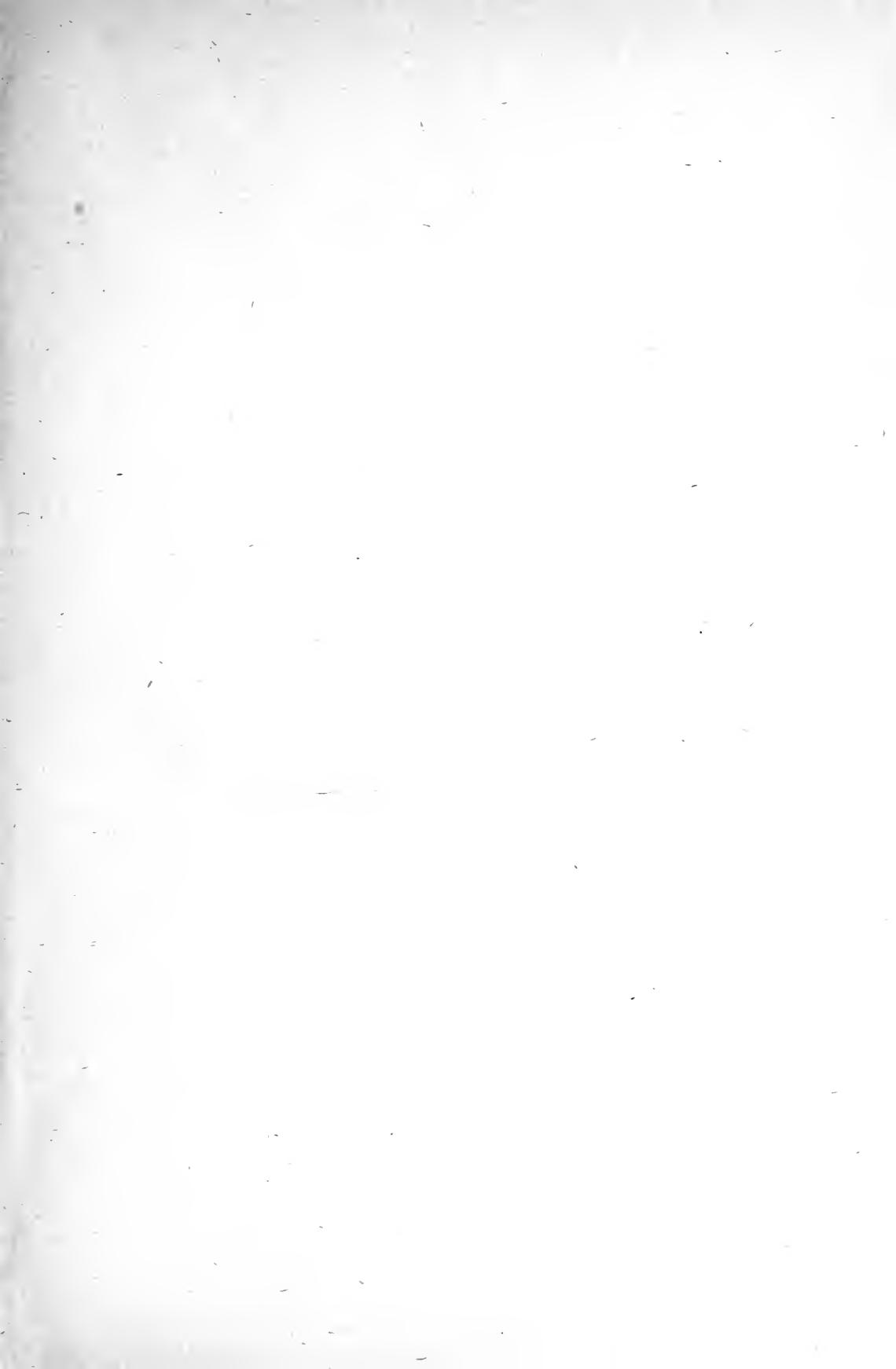


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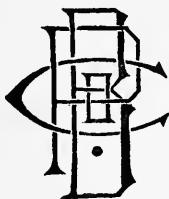
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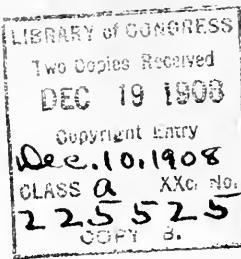
H E A R T & POEMS &

By A. Elizabeth Sigsbee



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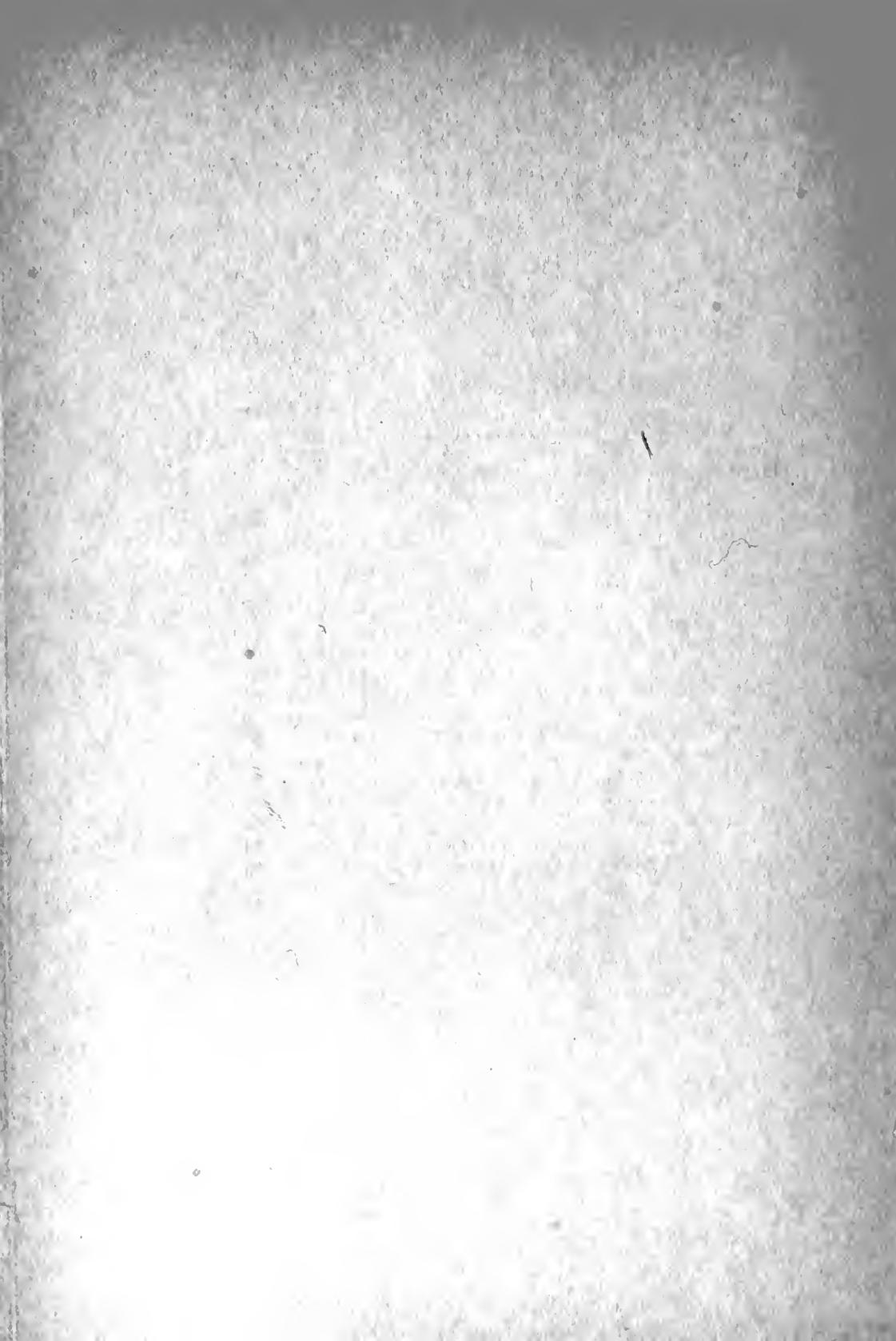
A. ELIZABETH SIGSBEE

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LOVINGLY DEDICATED TO MY FRIENDS.

"To have a good friend is one of the highest delights of life. Friendship depends not upon fancy, imagination or sentiment, but upon character, and real friendship is abiding. To be a whole and real friend is worthy of high endeavor, for faith, truth, courage and loyalty bring one close to the Kingdom of Heaven."

"I have friends in spirit-land,
Not shadows in a shadowy land,
Not *others*, but *themselves* are they."



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
“Classified Ads”	1
A Famous Cartoon!.....	3
I Have Stood Face to Face With God To-night.....	6
Graft.	9
Wireless Telegraphy	10
“The Man Without a Country”.....	12
Printer’s Ink	20
Out of a Job.....	21
Lovers Yet	24
My Valentine	26
“Tender and True”.....	28
The Press	30
A True Incident.....	31
Gettysburg.	33
Expression in the Dress of Thought.....	36
A National Flower.....	37
Thackeray.	39
“The Blues”	40
Publicity.	41
Our Pastor	43
The Good Samaritan.....	45



“CLASSIFIED ADS.”

Now read the Journal's ad. cartoons
In the paper every day;
Then study them, and you will find
Just what you want to say.

The story told there is so cute,
'Twill surely make you laugh;
To see the way the ad. is put,
By one of Journal's staff.

What you desire, just make it known,
And you will be surprised;
When the paper puts the ad.
Before its readers' eyes.

We read the ad., and there is found
What we've been looking for;
The price to pay, and where to go,
The Journal makes it clear.

The thought I give you in these lines
Is, that if you're wise,
You will not be “behind the times,”
But freely advertise.

If you just put an honest ad.
In Journal, 'twill soon tell
By its results, but if a fraud,
It will not do so well.

A FAMOUS CARTOON!

When Fate wills that something should come to pass she sends forth a million of little circumstances to prepare the way.—*Thackeray*.

In the dark days of war in 1862,
Doubt and fear were stirring the nation,
Then came a picture, “Compromise with the
South.”
It was publish’d—made Nast’s reputation.

Many battles fought by the Union were lost,
The kill’d and wounded in numbers were great;
To continue the war at tremendous cost,
Then what would be the decision of Fate?

Peace was then discuss’d and many advised,
Power and influence of press were then shown,
To urge war to go on, make no compromise,
And then it launch’d forth the famous cartoon!

Half of it was us’d, sent out by the million,
It was seed-sowing all over the land,
It emphasiz’d all that Peace then would mean,
In a way all persons could understand.

It reviv’d courage and gave strength to go on,
With war and held the nation together,

There would battles be lost, and victories won,
But the North and the South must join each
other.

E'en now the cartoon moves heart with its
pathos,

Tragic portrayal of what Peace implies,
The lesson there was so vividly pictur'd,
'Twas seen that there could be no compromise.

And eyes blur with tears as I look at the crutch,
Of soldier standing with head bowed with grief,
I realize that there were thousands of such,
Who gave life and limb that the nation should
live.

He is stripped of his arms, leg lost in the war,
An army blanket U. S. is display'd;
Before him Columbia is weeping and there
He stands at head of memorial grave.

Stretched out above stone, hand clasp'd by the
South,

Who is fully arm'd and with head erect,
One foot on the grave his confidence shown,
Oh, what a picture—how much is expressed.

It made fame for the author, show'd what Peace
would mean,

Said Lincoln and others, "pictures of Nast
Are best recruiting sergeant nation has seen."
Meaning is vividly shown in their cast.

Few there are who would wish to bring back
the past,
We who have liv'd through the struggle well
know;
Precious the thought that we are welded at last,
And that we are friends and not foes.

When we think of the price, not counting the
cost!
'A nation divided, had cause been lost.
There are places in this our beautiful land,
Enrich'd and made green by blood of the slain.

Grant and Lee and Stonewall Jackson
And other names private and great,
Belong not to single section;
But unto the United States.

I HAVE STOOD FACE TO FACE WITH GOD TO-NIGHT.

It was after the battle of Belmont,
While watching for truce exchange;
Sanitary Commission was waiting
To go to the wounded and slain.
From field had come the call of the dying,
Water, water, help! was heard,
And while the shots were still around flying
One alone was undeterr'd.

With basket fill'd with things for the suff'ring,
Heeding not danger on way;
She with 'kerchief on stick went with her
off'ring,
Had heard and would not delay.
She had been well known as a social belle,
The pleasures of life her aim;
How she came to be there no one could tell,
Her service no one proclaim.

About thirty or more, slender in frame,
Moved by some hidden power;
Her badge told errand without giving name,
Went to these soldiers of ours.
Not till the next morn was she seen again,
Face and hands all dab'led with blood;
She replied to the request to refrain,
Take care—"I came to do good."

With one hand on a shoulder looking so white,
Rev'rence in voice scarcely heard;
Said "I've stood face with God to-night,"
Not one there doubted her word.
About thirty, so slender and frail—
Where could so much strength be hid;
A holy purpose to consecrate all,
She express'd in what she did.

She said that when she bent o'er the dying
Soldiers, they ask'd her to pray;
She who had never made a prayer, trying,
The Spirit taught what to say.
Taking into her own the wounded men's hands,
She utter'd prayer for their good,
And when she was through she oft seem'd to
stand
Into the presence of God.

Who gives to one a cup of cold water,
Said the Master, gives to me;
And helpfulness given unto men,
Is holiness unto Thee.
A song would often be call'd for, and then
The request, sing "Home, Sweet Home";
Again would faintly be heard the "Amen"
When song was through—call had come.

When she look'd into faces about her,
Where wounded and dying lay,
She gave unto all comfort and service,
In hospital day by day.
Some token of love sent to those held dear,
Parents, wife, sweetheart, had share;

A memento to some friend far or near,
Her presence was cheering there.

The letters she sent went into the homes
Of the loved ones lying there,
With letters comfort, cheer, and sympathy came
Into anxious hearts burden'd with care.
A record she kept of things that were done,
In a tablet with address,
A short sketch of the gifts and words of some
Were lovingly expressed.

“I thought only of what I could do to relieve
And was lost to myself as to what I should say.
Of mind and strength I gave all I could give,
Was rewarded in smiles and words day after
day.

I can never return to the life I have liv'd.
Drawn into this work, I have “pass'd under the
rod,”
And night after night and day the suff'ring I've
seen,
It seems to me that I've stood face to face with
God!”

GRAFT.

Why don't you call it stealing, Bill,
Instead of saying graft?
A steal's a steal, say what you will,
And one who steals is thief.

We never heard of graft until
Those who in high places
Began and grabbed their millions,
Dar'd to show their faces.

The more they get, the more they cheat,
It is perfectly outrageous
The way they scheme, and what they do,
Seems it is contagious.

And then the way they smirk and smile,
They would cheat a brother,
Just hold them up before the crowd,
Let them see each other.

If I could have my way awhile
I'd send them to the pen,
The place where they might smirk and smile,
And have good discipline.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

“There’s nothing new under the sun”
Said the wise man—it may be so.
Thoughts which follow were penn’d by one
Who liv’d two centuries ago.
A few years ago was naught
Of wireless telegraphy told,
And yet, we here see the germ thought
May be near two centuries old.
Pope has not given the thought a name,
But the idea is quite clear;
We see it is the very same,
And his words, I will give them here, viz.:
“As on the smooth expanse of chrystral lakes,
The sinking stone at first a circle makes,
The trembling surface by the motion stirr’d,
Spreads in a second circle, then a third;
Wide and more wide, the floating rings advance
Till all the watery plain and to the margin
dance.
Thus every voice and sound, when first they
break,
On neighboring air a soft impression make;
Another ambient circle then they move;
That in its turn impels the next above;
Through undulating air the sounds are sent
And spread o’er all the fluid elements.”

The thought has been gaining power—
Wisdom to use—guide it, you see,
It is express'd in this age of ours,
We call it WIRELESS TELEPATHY.

“THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.”

*Respectfully Dedicated to Edward Everett Hale,
D. D.*

The glorious flag of our country revered on
land and sea,
Ever marching onward and upward, the symbol
of the free.
We'll rally around it, be loyal and true;
Are proud of our standard—“the red, white,
and blue.”

“We are our own fates,
Our own deeds are our dooms-men.”

Have you ever read the story by Edward Everett
Hale,
Of “the Man Without a Country?”—such a pa-
thetic tale.
’Tis thrilling in its interest, and tragic in its fate;
But the lesson that it teaches—is living, up to
date.

Our country was insulted by the words in pas-
sion spoke,
Then a lifelong expiation the sentence did in-
voke:

And the man who spake defiance was made to understand,
He could live without a country—but not upon the land.

Officers were courtmartialed, Nolan among the rest,
In the army a lieutenant of “Legion of the West.”
He had done much faithful service for which he had to show
His uniform, and the sword he wore—these his country did bestow.

He in a passion of frenzy curs’d the land of his birth,
The land our fathers died for—the greatest country on earth.
Men were there who had risk’d their lives,
fought in “76.”
They were shock’d at the young man’s oath and stood as if transfix’d.

From his sworn duty and service he had been drawn aside,
By one attractive and brilliant who had hardly a bribe;
One who was looking for subject, over whom he could reign,
And establish a kingdom within the nation’s domain.

This sentence prisoner heard and he lightly laugh’d in room.

"United States you'll never hear in all the years
to come."

The Court stood aghast! and the awe-stricken
conscience was bow'd,
At its terrible import!—not a whisper was in
the crowd.

Let no one name United States—no word of
home—he hears
The orders of the marshall when they fell on
Nolan's ears.
His wish express'd shall be fulfill'd, in this we
do agree,
That Phillip Nolan's home in future shall be on
the sea.

Condemn'd to live on water during all the com-
ing years,
No word of home or country, he ever again
should hear.
He could live without a country—never again
should know
The progress she was making, the glory she
might show.

From ship unto ship he was passed when sail-
ing around,
Not less than a hundred or more miles from
his country's ground.
There was no landing for him when the ship
was within port,
And he intensely realized the sentence of the
Court.

When the others were receiving and sending
home the news,
On the vessels which they met, giving chance
unto the crews;
Poor Nolan alone no favor received in the least,
And his sentence will remain just as had been
passed.

“The Lay of Last Minstrel,” that beautiful poem
by Scott,
A party on the deck, with Nolan, were reading
by lot,
The poet’s portrayal so vividly mirror’d his past,
He struggled, and stammered, and choked—and
at last.

He flung book into the water and to his cabin
went,
Where for two months or more, he the time in
solitude spent.
And when again seen a change had passed over
the man—
A companion no more, he seem’d so reserv’d
and so calm.

That rioting on the vessel only Nolan could
quell,
By understanding their language, he pictured
home well.
The savages hugg’d him and kiss’d him, which
showed what they felt,
And Nolan’s agoniz’d passion would the hardest
heart melt.
His words to a comrade I’ll never forget,

I hear it, I feel it, it thrills through me yet.
With the pen I'll sketch a few words of it here,
So earnest, so vivid, impassion'd and clear.

THE SERMON.

“And your country, boy, and the words rattled in his throat, and for that flag, pointing to the ship, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers and government, and people even, there is the country—that you belong to her as to your own mother. When I said by all that is holy I had never thought of anything else, he almost in a whisper said, “Oh, if anybody had said that to me when I was of your age!”

Books of home and country from him were kept away,
Clippings cut from papers told all that words could say;
Then as the social chat would stop when he drew near,
He knew what was the theme he'd so much like to hear.

And the cross which ofttimes seem'd more than he could bear,
Bowl'd his soul with grief that border'd on despair;
A life's remorse—for words that could not be unsaid!
To his country in future he was as one dead.

Think what it means in music—no “Star-Spangled Banner” heard,
“America,” our nation’s anthem—an unspoken word;
And “Home, Sweet Home,” that song of love,
which is so dear to all,
Never again on Nolan’s ear should words and
music fall.

One night in his cabin the bugle notes fell on
his ear,
That in oppressive stillness were beautiful,
sweet and clear;
Echoes came back to ship, distinctly repeating
strain,
Nolan paus’d enraptured, to hear it repeated
again.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

Come, comrades, we’ll draw nearer
And look upon the scene,
Where Phillip Nolan’s dying
Before his country’s shrine.

A friend is sitting near him
Who breaks express command,
Answers all his eager questions
About his native land.

His tiny flag—what pathos,
And here is clearly seen
The burning patriotic life,
Entomb’d his heart within.

A map he has before him
As he thinks it ought to be,
With states that should be added
Since his home was on the sea.

Now tell me of my country,
Oh, do not say me nay.
You see that I am dying,
And have not long to stay.

I ask that I be buried
When e'er the time shall come,
Shrouded in our nation's flag,
In the sea so long my home.

Oh, be loyal to her colors,
With brave hearts tried and true;
Remember all they stand for,
And what they've done for you.

To half a century's progress
Condens'd in hour of time,
He listen'd with attention—
With look almost sublime.

He was not told of Civil War,
But "Legion of the West,"
Command by gallant officer,
Grant, one of nation's best.

He pass'd away so gently
When he was all alone,
With smile on face serene,
We could not think he'd gone.

“And watching that face, you would scarce pause
to guess
The years which its careworn lines might ex-
press,
Feeling only what suffering with these must
have past
To have perfected there so much sweetness at
last.
No life can be pure in its purpose and strong in
its strife
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.”

Our Country! we salute thee!
And thank our God above,
That we have a country
That has a nation’s love
And the “Star-Spangled Banner,” may it ever
wave
O’er the land of the free and the home of the
brave.

PRINTER'S INK.

Do what you will, you cannot think,
The power there is in printer's ink.
It moves the world for good or ill
By forces oft invisible.

It tells your "Wants," makes known the "Sales,"
The "Lost," the "Found," through all the mails;
The single ad. a thousandfold
Is multiplied and brings the gold!

The "Rooms to Rent," the price to pay,
The progress made from day to day;
The "Real Estate" who buys and sells
In printer's ink the paper tells.

It brings the news before your eyes
In Paragraphs condens'd concise;
It is the truth, as we have heard.
"The pen is mightier than the sword."

If you've a want and cannot think
What's best to do, use printer's ink
And have the paper, if you're wise.
In "Wanted," there to advertise!"

OUT OF A JOB.

I've tramped the street from morning till night,
Looking for work—there's none in sight;
And with agonized heart I've prayed—
"Give us this day our daily bread."

My capital is this physical frame
Through which I toil for home and name;
But what can I do after all is said?
No job to earn my daily bread!

There's Mary so patient, she strives to hide
All she feels, but I know she's cried;
For she and the children need to be fed—
But where comes in the daily bread?

I met my friend across the way,
Grasp'd his hand—How are you to-day?
A friendly clasp, and though nothing was said,
His looks express'd his needed bread!

Labor and Capital have great power,
To adjust things in this world of ours,
But still the cry is from thousands unfed—
"Give us this day our daily bread!"

Your library gifts to you seem grand,
Fruit of tariff and toilers' hands;

Your beautiful churches where prayers are
said—

What I need most is daily bread!

With a larder full and account in bank,
With real estate—for all you thank;
Do you think you can feel when all is said,
“Give us this day our daily bread?”

The tariff and trusts are a mine of gold,
Controll'd by a few who power hold!
To crush the poor—Is Humanity dead?
Thousands are crying for their bread.

Forgive me—for I was tempted to-day,
To be a “Val Jean” where I saw the display
Of food we needed—but I only prayed—
“Give us this day our daily bread.”

Now what shall I do? I'm willing to work.
I want a job—and I'll not shirk;
Give me work, for that I've prayed—
That I may earn my daily bread.

My children are hungry—the coal is gone,
My wife needs help, she is alone;
My rent is due, and must be paid—
But tell me how we shall get bread?

Now how can we manage to decently live
With work denied—nothing to give?
Out of a job—when all is said:
How shall we get our daily bread?

Give us work and we'll do all we can
To help ourselves and our fellow man;
The poor ye have with you, the Master said,
And the prayer express'd for daily bread.

LOVERS YET.

Ah give us a song that shall touch the heart,
Make better the lives of men,
A song that shall live in music and art,
And these are the words I send.

Lovers yet, lovers yet,
These are the words I send—lovers yet.

Lover and sweetheart, man and wife,
Through fifty years of marired life,
Endearing names and lover's kiss,
As days go by are never missed.

Lovers yet, lovers yet.
These are the words I send—lovers yet!

The chivalry shown in wooing days,
Is still expressed in many ways,
And courtly mien, and charming grace
Are shown in bearing, form, and face.

Lovers yet, lovers yet,
These are the words I send, lovers yet!

To her he's been a lover rare,
And she to him a sweetheart dear,
Sing it over and over again,
In tender notes the sweet refrain,

Lovers yet, lovers yet,
These are the words I send, lovers yet!

And now since she has "crossed the bar,"
He longs to go where "mansions" are,
To join the throng in that blest land,
And touch again the "vanished hand,"
Lovers yet, lovers yet,
These are the words I send, lovers yet!

MY VALENTINE.

I have the nicest Valentine
That ever you did see;
He greets me cheery every time,
We never disagree.

He always has some pleasant news,
And that is a sure sign;
He does not often have the blues,
My model valentine.

He neither swears, nor smokes, nor chews,
Takes a decided stand;
Against all vice, the virtues choose,
He is a manly man.

My Valentine and I intend
To spend our honeymoon,
In taking trip around the world,
And we will do it soon.

We'll visit all the noted towns,
And gather (or combine) all the news;
We'll see the sights, the world around,
Through Stoddard and his Views.

On our return we do intend
To have a cosy home,

With latch string ever out for friends,
Whene'er they choose to come.
My Valentine you'll always find,
A gentleman, polite and kind.

“TENDER AND TRUE.”

*(Respectfully Dedicated to Captain Sigsbee,
Commander of the Maine.)*

“Tender and true” I’ll be to you,
Was what Robin said to me,
Then went aboard a man-of-war
For three years’ service on sea,
Tender and true, tender and true
I’ll be to you.

He playfully said as he kissed the flag,
Pinning it on his lapel,
You see my dear, you’ve a rival here,
“Old Glory” we all love well.
Tender and true, tender and true,
I’ll be to you.

Oh! we were mute when he gave salute,
From our eyes did tear-drops start,
Never fear! I carry you here
Where you’re enshrin’d in my heart.
Tender and true, tender and true
I’ll be to you.

When I return with honors won
I’ll claim my bride who will be?
The clasp of hand and lover’s kiss,

Spoke far more than words to me.
Tender and true, tender and true
I'll be to you.

Robin was loyal, brave and true,
But he came not back again;
He was one of the gallant crew
Who went down with the Maine.
Tender and true, tender and true
Is my sorrowing heart's refrain.
Tender and true to the loyal crew:
We shall ever remember the Maine.

THE PRESS!

Just think of it, reader; the stories sent out,
Through mail and by rail are scatter'd about,
Then enter the homes of the rich and the poor;
Are read and enjoy'd as never before.

Some single clipping that is yellow with age,
From old scrapbook taken, put on white page;
Ten thousandfold multiplied by press and pen,
Is given place in the new magazine.

From the stories and clippings at a great cost,
Fragments are gather'd that nothing be lost,
And are put in new form, and sent out again,
To strengthen the heart and nourish the brain.

In the Word we're told of the Master who fed
Multitude with two fishes—five loaves of bread;
We see here express'd in a vitalized way,
Energized forces the world moves to-day.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

Patter, patter came the feet,
On the cold, the frozen street,
As I hasten'd on my way
To catch train without delay.

Early morn, I rush'd along,
And the feet still hurried on,
I turn'd and saw a little child
Whose feet were bare, and she smil'd.

What do you want? I asked her,
“Oh, please give me a flower,”
Flow'r she saw as I pass'd by
On my wrap—it caught her eye.

I the wilted, faded flow'r
Gave to her, and wish'd for more,
She pointed to wretched home,
Brightness in her heart had come.

She kiss'd the flow'r to my surprise,
I told her as tears fill'd my eyes,
Put it in water to revive.
“Oh, I hope that it will live!”

I often think we lightly prize
These gifts so free before our eyes,

Many there are who never see
Such flow'rs as given to you and me.

Sometimes when my memory's stirred
By lovely flower or singing bird,
My thoughts go to that early morn
And the little child who follow'd on.

And when I throw a flower away
The grateful look of child that day
Oft comes to me—and through the years,
Again the childish voice seems near.

GETTYSBURG.

“LEST WE FORGET, LEST WE FORGET!”

Tell it in song that the people may hear
How the Union was saved in that year;
How forces were gather'd throughout the land,
And came at the call of the Chief's command.

Lest we forget, lest we forget!
Gettysburg.

They came from the North, South, East and the
West,
From homes in the nation went forth the best;
The Stars and the Bars in deadly array,
For a field contested the three long days.

Lest we forget, lest we forget!
Gettysburg.

And the call was made again and again,
To fill up the ranks, we must have more men;
And our eye can mark by the years so green,
The spots where the greatest carnage has been!

Lest we forget, lest we forget!
Gettysburg.

Each fought for a cause held dearer than life,
They sacrific'd all they had in the strife;
Sing it o'er and o'er and tell it again,

The life of nation was sav'd by her men.
Lest we forget, lest we forget!
Gettysburg.

The desolate homes, and the mourning hearts,
In the terrible conflict have a part;
And the heart of the nation thrills to-day
For the soldiers dead, the Blue and the Gray!
Lest we forget, lest we forget!
Gettysburg.

We'll change the scene—Before us stands
Our nation's chief, majestic, grand;
And we know as we look around
That we are in "hallowed ground!"
Lest we forget, lest we forget!
Gettysburg.

His words are few, sublime in sense—
And made immortal by events;
What we say here will soon be lost,
It's what they did, that highty host:—
Lest we forget, lest we forget!
Gettysburg.

That, must forever have a part,
Be enshrin'd in the nation's heart!
For us the sacred task remains
To prove they have not died in vain.
Lest we forget, lest we forget!
Gettysburg.

The roll is call'd, the story told,
The price can ne'er be paid in gold;

Ranks grow less of the G. A. R.—
As one by one they cross the bar.

Lest we forget, lest we forget!
Gettysburg.

Shall we attempt to count the cost?
What it would mean had cause been lost?
“With malice tow’rds none and love for all”—
“United we stand, divided we fall.”
We’ll ne’er forget, we’ll ne’er forget
Our Lincoln and our Gettysburg.

“EXPRESSION IS THE DRESS OF
THOUGHT.”

This is my introduction,
Unto Edmund Vance Cook,
I ne'er saw his name before
I read these lines in book, viz.:-

“ ‘Tis not the weight of jewel or plate,
Nor the fondle of silk and fur;
‘Tis the Spirit in which the gift is rich,
As the gifts of the Wise men’s were;
And we’re not told whose gift was gold,
Or whose was the gift of myrrh.”
I call that a perfect gem,
As is not often heard
And oft quote it in my mind—
Put into fitting words.

When I see the author’s name
I always read his lines;
He may be not unknown to fame,
The thought express’d is mine.
What he writes, if you but look
You will enjoy E. V. Cook.

A NATIONAL FLOWER.

A spray of broom stuck in helmet,
Gave name to a royal line;
A sentence has chang'd the current
In weighty affairs of men.

Why is it that our own country
Has not its national flow'r?
Which is a chord of comradeship,
Between the rich and the poor.

Ireland has chosen the shamrock,
England has taken the rose;
Old Scotland loves the thistle,
And France the Fleur de Lis.

Each has some historic legend
To which their flower gave birth;
Which placed it before the nation,
As the symbol of their faith.

A national badge of friendship,
Wherever seen or worn;
To the wearer giving prestige,
As though to the manor born.

Have we not, too, some incident
That could be turned to power?

And that might, with a good intent,
Bring out our national flow'r.

There's beauty in our Golden-Rod,
In the corn is food and wealth;
Both would symbolize the power,
Might toast the nation's health!

The sentiment—precaution,
With riches, well combine;
In the Golden-Rod and corn of ours,
Would most beautifully twine.

THACKERAY.

He's one of my favorite authors,
I know his books are not much read;
Out of style, and date, they may be,
But their influence is not dead.
I always feel when I read them
That the author is very near;
His personality's the charm,
That stamps his thought, and makes him clear.
He's unflinching in his candor,
And impatient with false pretense;
He lov'd the noble and human,
His style was himself the essence.
What beautiful thoughts he gives us,
His humor is surpassingly rich;
What pathos is in Pendennis,
And his snobs, we see them as such!
Vanity Fair—what a portrayal!
Panorama before our eyes,
The shifting scenes seem so real,
We wonder they were not more wise.
Now, Thackeray and our Irving
Appear congenial minds;
Both have a rich fund of humor
And both were exceedingly kind.

“THE BLUES.”

Well, Sally, what's the matter now?
Your face has such a frown;
There is a scowl upon your brow,
Corners of mouth turn down!

I've got the Blues, I've got the Blues!
The trouble is, I've got the Blues.

Well, just stand before the mirror,
Put on a pleasant smile;
Cultivate the happy habit,
And prove it worth your while—
To cure the Blues, to cure the Blues!
I tell you, it will cure the Blues.

I am sure, for I have tried it,
And now when I feel blue;
I just smile before my mirror,
And that is all I do!

It kills the Blues, it kills the Blues!
You bet, it kills the Blues!

PUBLICITY.

Do you want a name for some new magazine
That will think what it says, and say what it
means?

I give it here, dub it Publicity—name—
Then launch it, the true and the false to pro-
claim.

Take the spurious ads. and to them show light,
Let the people see just what they think is right,
Give place to literature, science and art,
With a good critic for each to have a part.

Have morals and politics given a place,
Society, also with suitable space.
In fine, have current topics freely discuss'd,
Agitate, educate, we'll enjoy it most.

Publicity, like "Bradstreet," to which we turn,
And find there just what we are wishing to
learn—

Of something the public is thinking about;
You see, it's a monthly we'll not do without.

The uplift it would prove in our times to-day,
I tell you, commercially, I believe it "would
pay."

And the question soon would be frequently
heard,
Have you seen "Publicity's" latest record?

I now give this trade mark without any prize,
And if you make use of it, you will be wise.
"Publicity," as I have hinted before,
Could be made a tremendous lever of power.

For it would stimulate higher ideals,
For the spurious it would substitute real,
As the search light of truth would bring out **the**
best,
Develop the good, and weed out the worst.

OUR PASTOR.

“O, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence!”

Such was the life of our pastor,
Who with us lived so many years;
He still lives in lives made better,
By his living long with us here.

His life a shining example
Of the noble, the pure, and good;
Lever of strength—inspiration
To higher aims and brotherhood.

He went in and out among us,
And was always a welcome guest;
Seem'd part of our very nature—
His leaving—cannot be express'd.

Wherever was sorrow—trouble,
Our pastor was sure to be there,
Giving sympathy and counsel;
Their interests he seem'd to share.

His picture hangs in many homes,
In honor'd place with high estate,



Gives welcome look to all who come,
We know "the good alone are great."

The memory of our pastor
Is lovingly cherish'd here,
His name is held in reverence,
As the friend and the pastor dear.

The old Manse is much the same,
As it was when he lived there,
In modern homes there's been great change,
In which the Manse has had no share.

The beautiful lawn, stately trees,
With vines climbing over the porch.
The flow'rs there, and the busy bees,
All in place, but the dear old church.

A beautiful house for worshiping,
Has taken the place of the old,
But associations around cling
To old church that cannot be told.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN!

She gather'd clothes laid aside for the poor,
Wrote kind note to few of her friends,
Describing the needs, right here at the door,
And ask'd them their assistance to lend.

She found some work for the father to do,
The mother strengthen'd in way of her need;
And in home was a new atmosphere, too,
By this wise, good Samaritan deed!

The children are bright and winning in looks,
I believe had I kept on my way;
With the conditions I'd be reading books.
With own duty as on the first day.

The lesson then taught, I've thought much
about,
See neighbor's needs in many new lights,
What Jesus would do we need have no doubt,
Food, clothes, help—Samaritan bright.

The trouble with some, who willing to give,
Is the desire to work in their way;
Where by no self-denial they believe,
And oft say, after all, does it pay?

The brotherhood has humanities slain,

Deny yourselves for sake of others,
Social amusements, and gratified aims,
Have first place instead of our brothers.

The time must come when all find a level,
When the six feet of earth and no more,
Our past life will be treasur'd up ever,
With no distinction between rich and poor.

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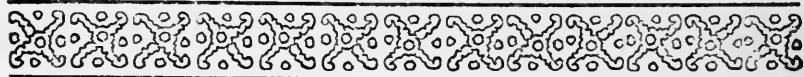
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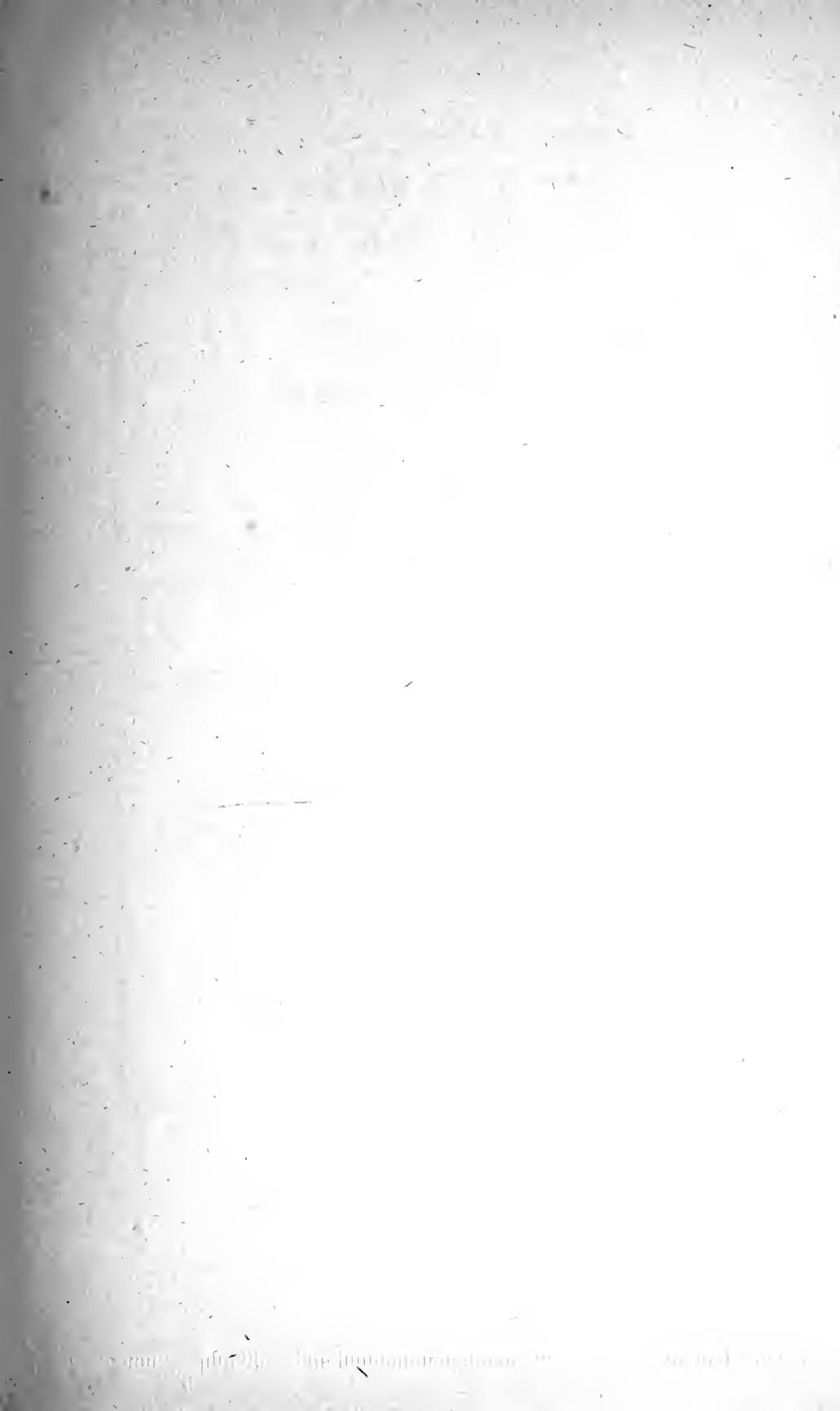
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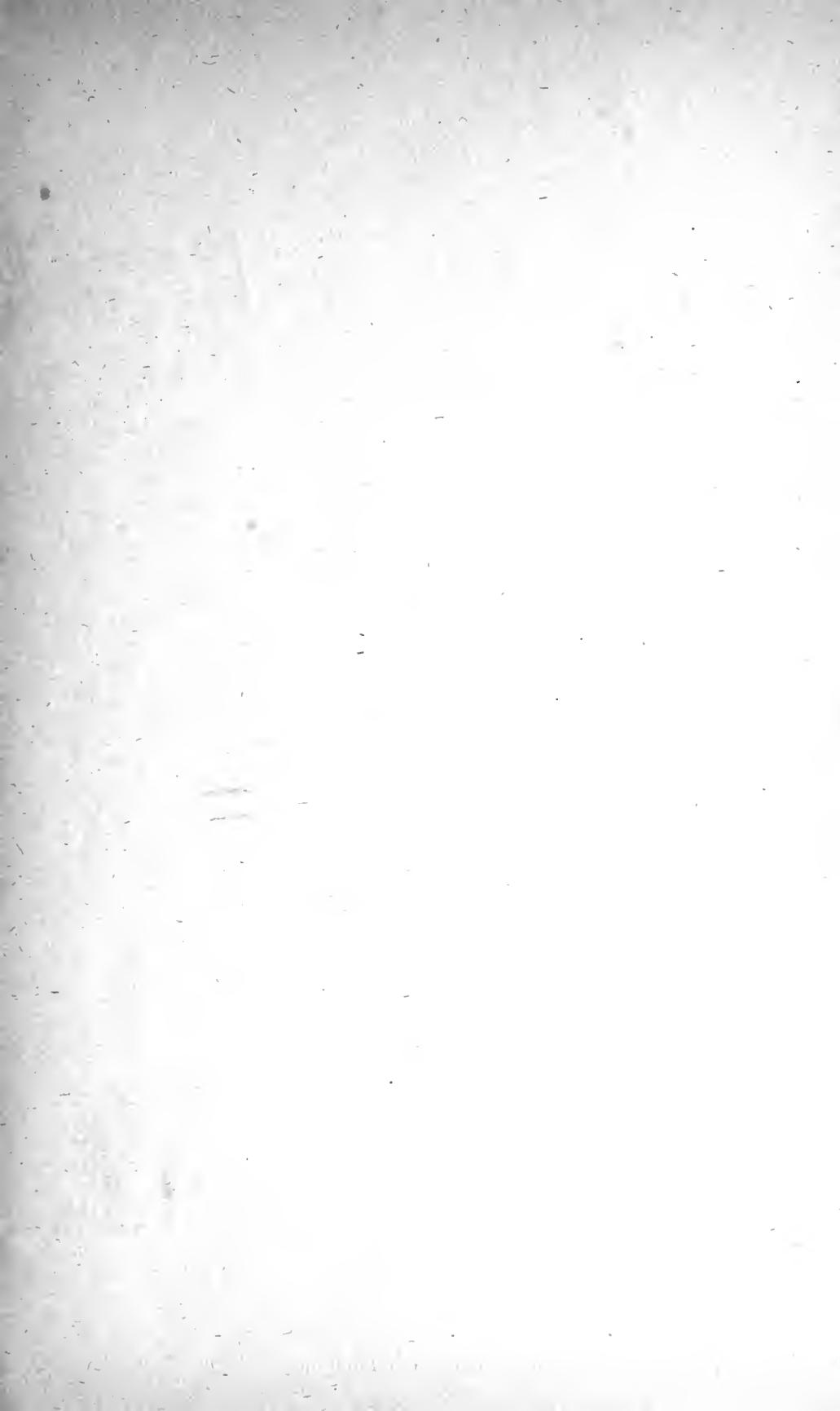
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